THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 27, 1802.

Some Account of the celebrated Commodore Paul Jones, tranſlated from a Manuſcript written by himſelf.

AT the commencement of the American war (during the year 1775), I was employed to fit out the little ſquadron, which the congreſs had placed under Commodore Hopkins, who was appointed to the command of all the armed veſſels appertaining to America; and I hoiſted, with my own hands, the American flag, on board the Alfred, which was then diſplayed for the firſt time.

I, at the ſame time, acquainted Mr. Hewes, a member of the congreſs, and my particular friend, with a project for ſeizing on the iſland of St. Helena, by means of our little ſquadron, which would infallibly have rendered us maſters of part of the homeward-bound Eaſt India fleet; and as the congreſs, at that time, propoſed to appropriate two-thirds of the prizes to itſelf, they would have thus been furniſhed with the means of carrying on the war during ſeveral years: but an event of a more preſſing nature prevented this ſcheme from being carried into execution.

The cruelties and vexations at that time exerciſed by Lord Dunmore, in Virginia, determined the congreſs to detach the ſquadron againſt him; but Mr. Hopkins diſplayed neither zeal nor talents upon this occaſion, and loſt ſo much time that his ſquadron was frozen in the Delaware.

After a delay of two months, the ſquadron was at length diſengaged, and ſet ſail for New Providence, the principal of the Bahama Iſlands. There we found a large quantity of artillery, mortars, and other implements of warfare, of which we ſtood greatly in want in America; and I had the good fortune to render myſelf extremely uſeful to the commodore, who was but little acquainted with military operations. It was to me he was

indebted for the plan adopted by him when the ſquadron came in ſight of New Providence, and I alſo undertook to moor the ſquadron in a proper birth to execute our enterpriſe.

On our return from New Providence, we took two armed veſſels, one of which was loaded with bombs, and fell in, near Rhode Iſland, with an Engliſh man of war, called the Glaſgow, carrying twenty-four guns; but, notwithſtanding our ſuperiority, both in point of force and ſailing, the commander in chief ſuffered her to eſcape, after having many men killed and wounded, both on board the Alfred and the Cabot.

The ſquadron now entered the port of New London, in Connecticut; and Hopkins, on receiving intelligence that the Engliſh frigates had been driven from Newport, took advantage of the darkneſs of the nights to repair to Rhode Iſland.

A council of war having diſmiſſed the captain of the Providence, one of the ſhips of the ſquadron, the commodore gave me orders in writing to take the command of her, and to eſcort ſome troops that were proceeding from Rhode Iſland to New York, with a view of ſerving under General Waſhington. After this, I received inſtructions to eſcort a convoy of artillery from Rhode Iſland to New York, for the defence of which it was deſtined. On this occaſion I had two different engagements, with the Cerberus frigate; the firſt for the protection of the veſſels under my command, and the ſecond for the preſervation of a veſſel from St. Domingo, laden with naval ſtores for the congreſs. In the courſe of my ſervice between Boſton and New York, I had alſo many actions with ſhips of war under the command of Lord Howe; but on theſe, as on former occaſions, I was enabled to preſerve my convoy, and I at length arrived ſafe in the Delaware, Auguſt 1, 1776.

On the 8th of the ſame month, the preſident of the congreſs preſented me, in perſon, with the commiſſion of captain, in the marine of the United States; this was the firſt granted by congreſs ſince the declaration of independence, which took place on the 4th of July of that ſame year.

Orders had been given for the conſtruction of thirteen frigates; but, as none of them were yet ready, I proceeded to ſea alone, on board the Providence, which was a veſſel of but ſmall force, as ſhe carried no more than ſeventy men, and twelve ſmall cannon. When in the neighbourhood of Bermudas, we fell in with the Solebay, and her convoy, from Charleſtown; ſhe was a thirty-two-gun frigate, and formed part of the ſquadron under Admiral Parker. I was of courſe deſirous of avoiding an engagement with ſuch ſuperior force; but, as my officers and men inſiſted that it was the Jamaica fleet, and as it was neceſſary to command by means of perſuaſion at this epoch of the war, the reſult was a ſerious engagement during ſix hours, which, towards the cloſe, was carried on within piſtol ſhot. A deſperate manœuvre was the ſole reſource left me; I attempted

this,

this, it ſucceeded, and I was fortunate enough to diſengage myſelf.

A ſhort time after this, I took ſeveral prizes, and then ſailed towards the coaſt of Nova Scotia, on purpoſe to deſtroy the whale and cod fiſheries in that neighbourhood. When near Sable Iſland, we fell in with the Milford frigate carrying thirty-two-guns, with which it was impoſſible to avoid an engagement. A cannonade accordingly took place, from ten o'clock in the morning until ſun-ſet; but the engagement was neither ſo cloſe nor ſo hot as that with the Solebay, and I at length eſcaped by paſſing through the flats, and entered a little harbour next day, where I deſtroyed the fiſhery and veſſels.

After this, I ſet ſail for Ile Madame, where I made two deſcents, at the ſame time deſtroying the fiſheries, and burning all the veſſels I could not carry away with me. Having accompliſhed this, I returned to Rhode Iſland, after an abſence of ſix weeks and five days from the Delaware; during this interval I had taken ſixteen prizes, without including thoſe deſtroyed.

The commander in chief, who had remained all this time in harbour, now adopted a plan propoſed by me, and which conſiſted,

1. In the deſtruction of the enemy's fiſheries at Ile Royale; and

2. Of reſtoring to liberty more than 300 American priſoners detained there in the coal mines. Three veſſels were deſtined for this ſervice, the Alfred, the Hampden, and the Providence; but the Hampden having received conſiderable damage in conſequence of running on a rock, could not accompany me. I, however, embarked on board the Alfred, and, taking the Providence by way of conſort, I ſet ſail, and on the 2d of November, 1776, made prize of a veſſel from Liverpool, and ſoon after the Melliſh, a large armed veſſel, having two Britiſh naval officers on board, and a captain belonging to the land ſervice, with a company of ſoldiers. This ſhip was carrying ten thouſand complete ſets of uniform to Canada, for the army poſted there under the orders of Generals Carleton and Burgoyne.

The Providence having now left the Alfred during the night, without the leaſt pretext whatever, I remained alone, and that too during the ſtormy ſeaſon, on the enemy's coaſt; but, notwithſtanding this, and that I was alſo greatly embarraſſed with my priſoners, I reſolved not to renounce my project. I accordingly effected a deſcent, deſtroying a tranſport of great value, and alſo burned the magazines and buildings deſtined for the whale and cod fiſhery.

In addition to this I took three tranſports and a veſſel laden with ling and furs, near Ile Royale; theſe prizes were eſcorted by the Flora frigate, which happened to be at a ſmall diſtance, but which was concealed from us by a fog. Having taken a

privateer from Liverpool, mounting ſixteen guns, in the courſe of next day, I inſtantly returned with my prizes towards the United States; but, when in the latitude of Boſton, fell in with the Milford frigate, which I unwillingly engaged. Towards night, however, I placed the Alfred between the enemy and my prizes, and having given the neceſſary inſtructions to the latter, to make for the neareſt port, I changed my courſe, ſet up lights, and by this ſtratagem ſaved the veſſels I had captured, as the frigate continued in chace of me. Next day, I myſelf was fortunate enough to eſcape, after a very ſerious action, which was not terminated until dark, and even then in conſequence of a hard gale of wind.

Having returned to Boſton, December 10, 1776, the intelligence of the uniforms taken on board the Melliſh re-animated the courage of the army under General Waſhington, which at that period happened to be almoſt deſtitute of clothing. Let me add alſo, that this unexpected ſuccour contributed not a little to the ſucceſs of the affair at Trentown againſt the Heſſians, which took place immediately after my arrival.

I now paid out of my own purſe the wages due to the crews of the Alfred and the Providence, and lent the reſt of my money to the congreſs. That aſſembly tranſmitted me orders from Philadelphia, on the 5th of February, to undertake a ſecret expedition of great importance, the deſign of which was, to lay the iſland of St. Chriſtopher, and the north ſide of Jamaica under contribution; after which we were to attack Penſacola. This project was firſt conceived by me; and then communicated to Mr. Morris, afterwards miniſter of finance; but ſuch was the jealouſy of Hopkins, the commander in chief, that it was never carried into execution. He was, however, ſoon after ſuſpended, and then diſmiſſed from the ſervice.

The ſeaſon being now too far advanced for the execution of the ſcheme, in the Weſt Indies, myſelf and crew received orders to remove on board the Amphytrite, a French veſſel, deſtined to ſail from Portſmouth in New Hampſhire, to France, whence we were to paſs into Holland, and take poſſeſſion of the Indienne, a large frigate, conſtructing there for the congreſs; ſome difficulties, however, enſued, and I was ordered to prepare the Ranger, a veſſel mounting eighteen guns.

When General Burgoyne and his army were obliged to ſurrender at Saratoga, it was I who was the firſt to carry this intereſting intelligence to Nantes, whither I arrived on the 2d of December, 1777. In the courſe of my voyage, I took two prizes, forming part of a convoy from the Mediterranean, under the protection of the Invincible, a ſeventy-four-gun ſhip, under the guns of which one of them was taken.

(To be continued.)

M. Garnerin's

M. Garnerin's Narrative of his Aſcenſion at Bath, on Tueſday, September 7, 1802.

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction that we announce the favourable appearance of weather which drew from an immenſe diſtance thouſands of ſpectators to witneſs the aſcenſion of M. Garnerin, for the thirtieth time, from Sydney-gardens, Bath, which for ſituation, beauty, or ornament, are not to be equalled by any provincial town, and not excelled by the metropolis itſelf. After having accommodated the public with the opportunity of admiring the proceſs of filling the balloon, he entered the car with Mr. Glaſford, (who had accompanied him from Vauxhall), and gave them a moſt unexpected treat by an aërial excurſion along the centre walk of the garden, and reſuming his original ſtation he twice made the circle of the rotunda, ſaluting the company, who appeared anxiouſly intereſted for him. About half after five he roſe with a gentle breeze from the N. E. amidſt the acclamations of thouſands of ſpectators, whoſe admirations were re-echoed by millions crowding the neighbouring hills. Upon his aſcent the barometer was 30 deg. and the thermometer 62.10. when his feelings were ſenſibly affected by the tears of intereſt which trickled from the eyes of the fair, and were only relieved by the beautiful and picturesque ſcenes that developed as he roſe majeſtically to purſue his voyage.

Monſieur Garnerin, and Mr. Glaſford, his faithful and valued companion, were enjoying the pleaſures of their ſituation, when at 50 min. paſt five they were affected by the cold, and obſerved the thermometer at 52, a difference of 10 deg. ſince they had left the ground.—The barometer was ſunk to 26, which gave an elevation of 3420 feet. At this height an immenſe horizon preſented itſelf to their view, which incloſed a moſt delightful country in miniature: on the right of which they diſtinctly perceived the ſea, in which the ſetting ſun reflected its beams as from an immenſe looking-glaſs. After being enraptured with the ſublimity of this ſcene till twelve minutes paſt ſix, they experienced a ſtill greater degree of cold, the thermometer having ſunk to 46, which made an alteration of 16 deg. in the temperature. The barometer had riſen but one-tenth, which indicated that they had only neared the earth 76 feet.—Monſieur Garnerin aſcribed this intenſe degree of cold to a thick dark cloud which floated over the balloon, which Mr. Glaſford was deſirous to paſs, but was oppoſed by Monſieur Garnerin, who, thinking it was electric, did not approve to riſk the danger, and meet the fate of Icarus. They nevertheleſs approached it in ſome degree, when the thermometer remained the ſame, but the barometer fell $25\frac{1}{4}$ inches, which gave the height of 3620 feet!

In

In this ſituation the inflammable air was conſiderably dilated, and the balloon ſwelled in proportion. They were involved in vapour, and in this ſituation the thermometer ſunk three degrees, and ſtood at 43; the barometer had ſunk 24¼, and gave an addition of 874 feet to their former elevation. They were in the heart of a cloud which M. Garnerin thought to be highly charged with electric matter; the balloon being compleatly dilated ſeemed to indicate that the leaſt greater elevation would have occaſioned it to burſt by the rarefaction of the atmoſphere, and finding the neceſſity of being diſengaged from this ſituation, he opened one of the lower appendages, which acting expeditiouſly in concert with the upper valve, at 40 min. paſt ſix, the thermometer ſunk to 41, but the barometer roſe 26½. M. Garnerin, eſtimated the thickneſs of the cloud at 1031 feet: from the obſervation of the thermometer it ſhould appear that its baſe was much more condenſed than the upper part, for the cold was ſo ſevere as to oblige them to wrap themſelves in their great coats, as the thermometer was within four degrees of the freezing point. At 52 minutes after ſix the thermometer roſe to 46, and the barometer ſunk to 29, when they judged themſelves at 874 feet from the earth, and were amuſing themſelves over the woods, which alarmed the feathered choir with whom they appeared to diſpute the element.

M. Garnerin now propoſed to Mr. Glaſſurd to alight in a meadow which he perceived as eligible to the occaſion, when he ſaid, "Non, non, aſcendons bien haut;" in compliance with which M. Garnerin immediately threw out twenty pounds of ballaſt, and aſcended with extreme rapidity, in a ſpiral line. At 50 min. after ſix they had paſſed through ſeveral clouds, the thermometer falling to 40, and the barometer to 24½; having ſurmounted them all they were now cheered by the rays of the ſetting ſun. At 59 min. paſt ſix they found the thermometer had fallen to 36 and the barometer to 23.1, which leaves the eſtimated height at 5420 feet. The inflammable air having conſiderably dilated, M. Garnerin prepared to deſcend, which he effected at 20 min. paſt ſeven, and was greeted by the moſt friendly aſſiſtance and welcome of a great concourſe of people, who were anxiouſly waiting his arrival, when he alighted in a field near Mells Park, the ſeat of Thomas Horner, Eſq. diſtant 16 miles from Bath. While he pays a tribute of equal gratitude to all who were deeply intereſted for his ſucceſs, he feels particularly indebted to the diſtinguiſhed favour of Sir J. C. Hippiſley, Bart. Lieutenant-Colonel Horner, Meſſrs. J. Lewis, William Ireland, Richard Payer, Thomas Tarſant, J. Oakes, and J. Crocker, land-ſurveyor, of Frome.

PICTURE *of the* GOOD PEOPLE *of* ENGLAND.

AND, really, a good ſort of people ye are—when ye are pleaſed! The taſk is not difficult to bring ye into good humour, neither: but I defy all the artiſts in Europe to keep you ſo.

You love to find fault—nay, to make faults; and if you cannot quarrel with your neighbours, you will fall out with yourſelves, like the greyhound who uſed to grow angry at his own tail!

You may ſay that I am guilty of injuſtice—and that ye are affable, humane, friendly, charitable, ſocial, ſweet-tempered, ſelf-denying beings! If every one were to draw his own picture, the pen-and-ink portrait would appear ſo; but I, who have looked on life for above twenty years, as an unconcerned ſpectator of all the fantaſticalneſs with which mankind have fatigued themſelves—to me ye appear ſelfiſh, ſtubborn, querulous, conceited, diſcontented exiſtences, and ever enjoy more than ye deſerve, yet are daily wiſhing for more enjoyments, and do leſs to deſerve them!

I dined yeſterday at Mr. Fineer's, and his eldeſt ſon being introduced, according to the ancient family cuſtom of ſhewing the viſitors how much wit the heir has, one of the gueſts addreſſed his papa with—"I ſuppoſe, Sir, you will bring maſter up to your buſineſs?"—"Bring him up to be a hangman, rather!" was the parent's anſwer. "No, no, he ſhall never be brought up to work all his life-time for nothing as I have done." And yet this perſon has gained by his own induſtry and ſucceſs in trade upwards of four thouſand pounds! But thus it is—we covet to enjoy ſtill more than we do, and want ſtill to do leſs for it!

Epictetus ſays "mankind are diſſatisfied;" Seneca ſays "they are diſcontented:" and this is what, both before and ſince Seneca, every perſon has been ſaying who could ſay any thing.

With your leave, good people, I ſhall preſent you with a couple of characters. As it is common for thoſe who ſuppoſe themſelves to be artiſts, to exhibit ſpecimens of their performances, I offer theſe with ſubmiſſion; and tell me, if you pleaſe, how you like them.

They are ſketches of a farmer and a hop-planter.

In the harveſt ſeaſon, that particular month of providence's bounty, when all the animal creation appears chearfully induſtrious, and we may even fancy approaching winter to bear a ſmile on his weather-worn wrinkles, as he views the ſtore that is gathering in to comfort him while he viſits us; yet even then congratulate the farmer on the noble proſpect of his well-covered

acres,

acres, he will ſhake his head, and, between a ſigh and a grunt, he will anſwer you with—" Ah, but the ſtraw is ſhort!"

If the ſtraw be long, then he will tell you there is no ſubſtance in the grain!

If there be but an indifferent crop, he laments that it will not pay the expence of houſing and threſhing.

If a plentiful crop, then he grumbles corn will be ſo cheap that it will not be worth carrying to market!

Juſt ſo the hop-planter. He riſes, lifts up the ſaſh, and looks over the horizon: if the morning happens to be cloudy, he pulls down the window with an oath, ſaying, " It will rain to-day, and all the bloſſoms will be waſhed off!"

If there ſhould be a pleaſant air abroad, then the poles will be all blown down!

If the ſun ſhines " O Lord! the plants will be burned up!"

If it be a cloſe dry day, without much ſunſhine or wind, then he wiſhes for rain, to deſtroy the vermin, or elſe they will eat all the buds up!

The reader who neither owns hop-grounds nor rents corn-lands, will wonder how theſe perſons can be ſo diſcontented; yet it is an even bett, that thoſe who ſeem to be amazed at ſuch grumblers are as diſſatisfied themſelves: the ſymptoms of the diſtemper may be different, but the diſeaſe is the ſame in almoſt all.

Half the cure is ſuppoſed to be performed when the phyſician knows the patient's diſorder. Indeed, my good people, neighbours, countrymen, and choice ſpirits, I do know, bonâ fide, that you are diſordered, and know too what your diſorder is! nay, I would preſcribe for you, but imagine my medicines would be thrown away.

Suppoſe I order you a few grains of ſelf-knowledge, half a drachm of patience, and a ſcruple of ſelf-denial, mixed up with a tea-ſpoonful of the ſyrup of humanity—will any of you take ſuch an electuary? Ye might taſte it, indeed, for the novelty's ſake, but I will bet a handful of integrity againſt all court ceremonies that ye ſpit it out again.

Folly has thrown your heads into hyſterics; and I will lay opinion againſt common ſenſe (which are the greateſt odds that can well be offered) not one man, in many dozens, knows what is the matter with himſelf!

Laſt week, I called on an old acquaintance: his lady told me that her ſpouſe was diſturbed and diſordered at ſomething ſhe could not tell for what, and that ſhe was happy at my calling, becauſe ſhe hoped I ſhould get him into ſpirits again.

I went to him, into his ſtudy: there he ſat, diſcontented as an undone gameſter. I took him by the hand, and inquired if he was ill. He replied that, thank God, he enjoyed as good a ſtate

of health as any man in the world! I desired to know if his affairs were any way complicated, which might make him uneasy. His reply was, "Sir, I do not owe any person a shilling, and my income greatly exceeds my outsets."—"I hope, Sir, no words have happened betwixt your lady and you?"—"There is not a better woman breathing, Sir, and we live in continued harmony."—"How does your daughter, Sir?"—"Married, and as happy as I am."—"Your son at college?"—My son, Sir, contributes to my happiness: I hear every body praise him."—"What then, my dear Sir, can you be uneasy about?"—"See there, Sir," my friend replied, raising his voice at the same time, and pulling some printed papers, out of his pocket; "there, Sir! read there! there is the Gazetteer, and the Oracle, and the Ledger, and the Herald, and the Chronicle, and the Morning Post: who can enjoy themselves, when we read such terrible accounts as they give us, not only of the government, but also of themselves? Mercy on us! but we are a bought-and-sold nation!"

With some difficulty, I persuaded him to come into company again, and once more be himself, and leave the study of politics alone to those who loved to be imposed on. I told him, all that a man of sense ought to do, was to conform to the laws of God and his country; to take things as they were; use them as they should be; act with as much integrity to mankind as the customs of the world would suffer; and, independent and contented, enjoy the pleasures of domestic society, and wait with patience for that awful, that all-interesting event, when empire breaks his sceptre, and beauty ceases to be amiable; when faction is dissipated, the phantom of pride vanished, and all worldly distinctions are buried in a death-bed dissolution!

HISTORY *of an* EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

THE following account of a duel lately fought in America, is extracted from a New York paper; and we think a stronger instance of minute diplomatic skill in the arrangements made by the seconds, or of persevering hostility on the part of the principals, never occurred. After several letters had passed between the principals, Messrs. Swartout and Clinton, the seconds negociated the following preliminaries:

ARRANGEMENT.

1. To leave this island from different points in two boats, precisely at five o'clock, on Saturday, P. M. and to proceed to the place proposed. The party first arriving will wait the landing of the other. Each boat shall be rowed by four confidential persons only, who shall remain in their respective boats till called for. These persons are not to be armed in any manner whatever. There will be but seven persons in each boat, viz. the principal,

his ſecond, one ſurgeon, and four oarſmen. The ſurgeons may attend in ſilence on the ground.

2. The diſtance between the parties to be ten yards, meaſured by the ſeconds, and the poſitions ſhall be diſtinctly marked.

3. The ſeconds ſhall determine by lots the choice of poſition.

4. The piſtols are not to exceed eleven inches in the barrel; they are to be ſmooth bores; and to be loaded by the ſeconds, in each other's preſence, ſhewing a ſmooth ball.

5. The gentlemen will ſtand with their backs to each other at their reſpective ſtations, and in this poſition ſhall each receive a piſtol, and the ſeconds having determined by lot who gives the word, he to whom the lot falls ſhall take his poſition in the centre, retired from the line of fire, and ſhall diſtinctly ſay, "Attention, gentlemen, to the right face;" upon which they ſhall face to the right, and fire with promptitude; if one fires before the other, the oppoſite ſecond ſhall ſay, "one, two, three, fire;" and he ſhall fire.

6. The left hand ſhall not be brought in ſupport of the right arm; nor be placed on the right breaſt or ſide.

7. If either ſhould be wounded before he has fired, and means to fire, he ſhall, if he can ſtand unſupported, be entitled to his ſhot, and not otherwiſe. If either has fired, is wounded, and means to proceed, he ſhall receive no aſſiſtance; his ſecond will only exchange the piſtol. If he falls forward the ſeconds will repoſt him.

8. At the exchange of piſtols, correct poſitions are to be reſumed, and the words given as in article five.

9. A ſnap or flaſh to be conſidered as a fire. The piſtol muſt not be recovered.

10. Neither party to quit his ſtation without order, or the conſent of the two ſeconds.

(Signed) S. RIKER.
W. S. SMITH.

New-York, July 30, 1802.

Agreeably to the preceding preliminaries, the reſpective gentlemen attended as agreed upon, left the city at five o'clock, and paſſed to the point propoſed, arriving as nearly together as the current would admit, the one obliquely aſcending, and the other deſcending the ſtream.

The ground being correctly meaſured, and intermediate queſtions adjuſted, the gentlemen took their ſtations, were each preſented with a piſtol, and by order, faced to the right, and fired, ineffectually. At the requeſt of Mr. Riker, I aſked Mr. Swartout, "Are you ſatisfied, Sir?" He anſwered, "I am not." The piſtols then being exchanged, and their poſitions reſumed, by order, the gentlemen faced to the right, and fired a ſecond time, without effect. At the requeſt of Mr. Riker, I again addreſſed

dreſſed Mr. Swartout, are you ſatisfied, Sir?" He anſwering ſtrongly in the negative, we proceeded, and a third ſhot was exchanged without effect. At the requeſt of Mr. Riker, I again aſked Mr. Swartout, "Are you ſatisfied, Sir?" He anſwered, "I am not, neither ſhall I be until the apology is made which I have demanded—until then, we muſt proceed." I then preſented a paper to Mr. Riker, containing the apology demanded, for Mr. Clinton's ſignature, obſerving, that we could not ſpend our time in converſation, that this paper muſt be ſigned, or proceed. Mr. Clinton declared he would not ſign any paper on the ſubject—he had no animoſity againſt Mr. Swartout, would willingly ſhake hands, and agree to meet hereafter on the ſcore of former friendſhips. Mr. Swartout inſiſting on his ſignature to the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining, they ſtood at their poſt, and fired a fourth ſhot. Mr. Clinton's ball ſtruck Mr. Swartout's left leg, about ſix inches below the knee—he ſtood ſteady and collected. At the requeſt of Mr. Ricker, I again aſked Mr. Swartout, "Are you ſatisfied, Sir?" He anſwered, that "it was uſeleſs to repeat the queſtion—my determination is fixed—and I beg we may proceed."

Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animoſity againſt Mr. Swartout—was ſorry for what had paſſed—propoſed to advance, ſhake hands, and bury the circumſtance in oblivion. During this converſation, Mr. Swartout's ſurgeon kneeling by his ſide, extracted the ball from the oppoſite ſide of the leg; Mr. Swartout ſtanding erect on his poſt, and poſitively declining any thing ſhort of an ample apology, they fired the firſt ſhot, and Mr. Swartout received the ball in the left leg, about five inches above the ancle: ſtill, however, ſtanding ſteady on his poſt, perfectly compoſed. At the requeſt of Mr. Riker, I again addreſſed Mr. Swartout, "Are you ſatisfied, Sir?" He forcibly anſwered, "I am not, Sir; proceed." Mr. Clinton then quitting his ſtation, declined the combat, and declared he would fire no more. Mr. Swartout expreſſed himſelf ſurpriſed, that Mr. Clinton would neither apologiſe, nor give him the ſatisfaction required, and addreſſing me ſaid, "What ſhall I do, my friend?" I anſwered, "Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required—refuſes taking his poſition—and poſitively declares he will fire no more—and his ſecond appearing to acquieſce in the diſpoſition of his principal, there is nothing further left for you now, but to have your wounds dreſſed." The ſurgeons attended, dreſſed Mr. Swartout's wounds, and the gentlemen, in their reſpective barges, returned to the city.

W. S. SMITH.

New-York, July 31, 1802.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

CLERKENWELL SESSIONS, Wednesday, Sept. 15.

CHILD-STEALING.

ELIZABETH SALMON, wife to J. Salmon, was indicted for receiving one child's ſhirt, a gown, a blanket, &c. the goods of Joſeph Impey.

Elizabeth Impey depoſed, that on the 22d of June, a man came to her about ſeven o'clock in the evening, to her lodgings in Red-lion Market, Whitecroſs-ſtreet, and, on entering her room, aſked if Mrs. Impey lived there, and on the proſecutrix telling him ſhe was Mrs. Impey, he told her he came from his friend Mr. James, in Finſbury Place, to know if ſhe was in want of any thing; after ſome further diſcourſe, he aſked her to a near public-houſe, where he would give her ſomething to comfort her: in conſequence of this invitation, ſhe went with him, when they had two pints of ale; the priſoner then gave her eighteen pence, and deſired her to go and get herſelf ſome coal and bread, and that he would take care of her child; he had children of his own, and would be careful; ſhe need not fear truſting him. Suppoſing him really to come from Mrs. James, who had before aſſiſted her, ſhe left the child, bought a loaf and ſome coal, but on her return to the public-houſe the man was not to be found, or child either: perplexed in the extreme, ſhe went to Mrs. James, who diſclaimed all knowledge of any man being ſent from her. In this ſtate of dreadful anxiety ſhe remained for two days, when a Mrs. Dixon, who lived in the ſame houſe with her, adviſed her going to the priſoner Mrs. Salmon, who it ſeems collected the rents from a number of thoſe houſes; ſhe accordingly went, and found Mrs. Salmon in bed, with a child on her arm; and from every appearance, as well as from the declaration of the priſoner herſelf, ſuppoſed to have recently lain in; the proſecutrix had, at that time, no idea the child was her's; ſhe was then adviſed to take a warrant againſt Mrs. James, which, however, ſhe did not do; ſhe was preſent when the child was diſcovered in the bed with the priſoner, but ſo agitated ſhe could ſpeak to no other circumſtances but that the blanket with which the child was ſwaddled was her's, and the ſame the child had on when ſhe gave it to the care of the man.

A Mrs. Atterby gave a very ſatisfactory evidence as to the cauſe that firſt induced her to ſuſpect the child of the proſecutrix to be in the poſſeſſion of the priſoner. She ſtated, that being a particular intimate of Mrs. Impey, ſhe was much concerned at the diſtracted ſtate in which the unhappy mother ſeemed for the loſs of her child; and hearing that ſhe had been

to

to the priſoner to ſtate her unhappy ſituation, and that the priſoner was then, apparently, juſt recovered from a lying-in, ſhe, from a knowledge that the priſoner had miſcarried not ſix months before, concluded ſhe could not be the mother of a live child, and from that notion viſited her. Under pretence of hiring a ſmall houſe, and after ſome cuſtomary chat, ſhe ſaw enough of the child to recogniſe ſome very particular marks on its forehead, which convinced her the child was the proſecutrix's. The next day ſhe accompanied the mother of the child to the priſoner's, who complained much of being diſturbed in her ſituation. An officer, however, was procured from Worſhip-ſtreet, and after much attempt on the part of the priſoner, by complaining ſhe was too ill, &c. the child was taken from her, and reſtored to its mother. The articles ſpecified in the indictment were found concealed between the mattraſs and bed. The officer who went with them from Worſhip-ſtreet, corroborated the whole of this evidence—as did a profeſſional gentleman, who declared himſelf to be convinced that the priſoner had never borne a child.

This is the amount of the evidence, and we are ſorry to ſay that here for the preſent it muſt reſt, as it could not go to the jury.

Mr. Mainwaring, in a very feeling manner, expreſſed his concern that there was not ſufficient proof of the original felony to enable them to go to a jury in this for receiving, as in all caſes of theft the intention to ſteal the articles ſpecified in the indictment muſt be proved. Now, unfortunately, and for what reaſon he could not ſay, the law had ſaid nothing about ſtealing children: and in this caſe it appeared manifeſtly that the intention was to the child, not the things which were attached to the child. He continued, that the moſt lamentable circumſtance in the endeavour to adminiſter juſtice was, where an innocent perſon ſuffered, and next to that, where a perſon like the priſoner at the bar, who had outraged all the fineſt feelings of humanity, was likely to eſcape, without receiving a due puniſhment for her crimes.

So indignant were the women againſt the priſoner, that ſhe was obliged to be eſcorted under a ſtrong guard to and from the priſon.

Mrs. Salmon is ſuſpected of having employed a bricklayer, who has diſappeared, to ſteal the child. Mrs. Impey's loſs made a great noiſe in her neighbourhood; and it coming to the ears of ſome of Mrs. Salmon's neighbours, who ſuſpected ſhe had not really lain in, led to the diſcovery. The cry of the child, when carried into the houſe, was heard by ſome of them—and the bricklayer is ſaid to have tattled. The object of Mrs. Salmon, in appearing to have this child, is ſaid to have been, that her iſſue might enjoy conſiderable property, to the excluſion

exclusion of Mr. Salmon's children by a former marriage; in whose protection the neighbours felt an interest.

SHERIFF's COURT.

HURST *v.* MALFORD.

THE plaintiff in this cause was of a profession technically called a *nicknacknarian*, that is, a dealer in all manner of curiosities, such as Egyptian mummies, Indian implements of war, arrows dipped in the poison of the upas tree, bows, antique shields, helmets, &c. and was described as possessing the skin of the *cameleopard* exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre, the head of the spear used by King Arthur, and the breech of the first cannon used at the siege of Constantinople, and, in short, almost every rarity that the most ardent virtuoso could wish to possess.

The defendant was the executor of a widow lady of the name of Morgan, who, in the enjoyment of a considerable fortune, indulged her fancy, and amused herself in collecting objects of natural and artificial curiosity. She had been in the habit of purchasing a variety of rare articles of the plaintiff. She had bought of him models of the temple of Jerusalem and the Alexandrian library, a specimen of the type invented by Memnon, the Egyptian, and a genuine manuscript of the first play acted by Thespis and his company in a waggon. For all these she had in her life time most liberally paid. It appeared also she had erected a mausoleum, in which her deceased husband was laid, and that she projected the depositing her own remains, when death should overtake her by the side of them. The plaintiff was employed in fitting it up, and ornamenting it with a tesselated pavement. This was also paid for, and constituted no part of the present demand. This action was brought against the defendant, her executor, to recover the sum of 40l. for stuffing and embalming a bird of paradise, a fly bird, an ouran-outang, an ichneumon, and a gassowary. The defendant did not deny that the plaintiff had a claim on the estate of the deceased, but he had let judgment go by default, and attempted merely to cut down the amount of the demand. The plaintiff's foreman or assistant proved that the work had been done by the direction of Mrs. Morgan, and that the charge was extremely reasonable. On the contrary, the defendant's solicitor, contended that the charge was most extravagant. He stated, that the museum of the deceased virtuoso had been sold by public auction, and, including the models of the temple of Jerusalem and the Alexandrian library, the antique type, Thespian manuscript, spear-head, and every thing else she had been all her life collecting, it had not netted more than 110l. As to the stuffed monkies and birds,

which conſtituted the foundation of the plaintiff's claim, they ſcarcely defrayed the expence of carrying them away—they were abſolute rubbiſh.—The plaintiff's attorney replied, that his client's labour was not to be appreciated by what the objects of it produced at a common ſale, attended perhaps by brokers, who were as ignorant as the ſtuffed animals they were purchaſing.

The under-ſheriff obſerved, that in matters of taſte the intrinſic value of an article was not the proper medium of aſcertaining the compenſation due to the labour which produced it. A virtuoſo frequently expended a large ſum of money for what another man would kick out of his houſe as lumber. If Mrs. Morgan, who it was proved was a lady of fortune, wiſhed to amuſe the gloomy hours of her widowhood by ſtuffing apes and birds, her executor was at leaſt bound to pay the expence ſhe had incurred in indulging her whimſical fancy. He ſaw no reaſon why a ſingle ſhilling of the plaintiff's demand ſhould be ſubſtracted.

The jury accordingly gave a verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages 40l.

An Advantage of the lower Orders in Chriſtian Countries.

IT is unhappily true, that the education of the lower orders, in Chriſtian countries, does not permit them to inquire minutely into the evidences of their faith, or to diſencumber it for themſelves from that mixture of human corruption, which has been incorporated by eſtabliſhed creeds, with the ſimple doctrines of the teacher of Nazareth. But even in this reſpect, they have an unſpeakable advantage over the ſame deſcription of men under any other ſyſtem. They have a ſtanding record, from the peruſal of which they may not only diſcover the genuine doctrines of the ſcripture, as far as the knowledge of them is eſſential to practice, but may obtain beſides ſuch general views at leaſt of the teſtimony upon which it reſts, as are well adapted to ſtrike their minds, and to produce a rational conviction. They have moreover the unſpeakable benefit of a ſtanding miniſtry to explain this record; to give them right conceptions of its ſcope and tendency, and to impreſs its practical truths upon their minds, ſo as to inſure a practical influence. And this inſtitution, though in many reſpects ſo much perverted from its proper end, and in every reſpect perhaps ſo imperfectly conducted, as not to produce all the good which might have been expected, and which it may produce under better management, has yet done much, very much indeed, for the promotion both of knowledge and comfort. It has given even to common Chriſtians juſter views of God, and a more decided victory over the

the dread of diſſolution, than ever was given or poſſeſſed by the ſages of antiquity; inſomuch that it may be truly ſaid, the leaſt in the kingdom of Heaven is greater in this reſpect than the greateſt out of it.

On the USE *of* WINE.

WINE was thought by the Egyptians to have in it ſomething of a peſtiferous nature, as having come not from God, but ſome evil genius. All the eaſtern ſages had the ſame idea. It was the opinion of the magi, and the ancient Arabs, from whom it was adopted by Mahomet. (Jablonſki's Pantheon Ægyptiorum, Vol. 1. p. 131, &c.) The prohibition of wine is among the precepts of Fo. (Modern Univerſal Hiſtory, Vol. 8. p. 114.)

In the laws of Moſes the uſe of wine is only forbidden to the prieſts during their attendance in the ſanctuary, and to thoſe who, for what time they pleaſed, took upon themſelves the vow of the Nazarites. It was, however, underſtood by the Jews, that the prieſts, even during their officiating in the ſanctuary, were only forbidden to take ſo much wine as would intoxicate them, and this was evidently to prevent any indecency in the public worſhip. At other times the prieſts, as well as other Iſraelites, were allowed a moderate uſe of that valuable beverage. The pſalmiſt very properly expreſſes his gratitude to God for it, as that which "maketh glad the heart of man." Pſ. civ. 15. Lemuel, in the book of Proverbs, with good reaſon ſays, (Proverbs xxxi.) "Give ſtrong drink to him that is ready to periſh, and wine to him that is of a heavy heart." And St. Paul adviſes Timothy, not to confine himſelf to water, but to "take a little wine for his ſtomach's ſake, and his often infirmities." 1. Tim. v. 23.

NECESSITY *the* CRADLE *of* GENIUS.

MANY a man of genius would have experienced a diminution of his energy, or an averſion rather than a deſire to exert it, if he had enjoyed the full extent of thoſe advantages, for which, perhaps, he anxiouſly ſighed, and had been rewarded to the full boundary of his merit by penſions and emoluments.—Neceſſity is the cradle in which genius is moſt frequently fondled to maturity. If the royal patronage did not impair the faculties of Johnſon, at leaſt it produced, except in one or two inſtances, a great unwillingneſs to exert them. His two capital works, his Dictionary and his Rambler, were produced in a ſtate of indigence.

On REVENGE.

TO little minds revenge may be ſweet; but great and generous ſpirits feel a conſciouſneſs of dignity and merit in rendering good for evil, with which the pleaſure of revenge cannot be compared. They know by experience the truth of the maxim, "that by taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over, he is his ſuperior."

A little Story, from the German of M. de Gellert, Profeſſor of Philoſophy at Leipzig.

THE ſon of an old farmer, by ſome chance or other, had travelled through ſeveral remote countries, and, as is not uncommon in ſuch caſes, returned home much richer in lies than in knowledge. A few days after his arrival, he accompanied his father (a ſenſible, ſhrewd old man) to a market at ſome diſtance from the village. It happened that a maſtiff dog paſſed that way, which as ſoon as the ſtripling beheld, "Bleſs me, father," cried he, "this dog puts me in mind of one I ſaw in my travels, at leaſt as large as the largeſt of our cart horſes." "What you tell me," replies the father gravely, "aſtoniſhes me: but don't imagine that in this country we are wholly without prodigies; by and by we ſhall come to a bridge, which we ſhall be obliged to paſs, and which is much more extraordinary than the dog of which you have been talking. They ſay it is the work of ſome witch. All I know of it is this, that there is a ſtone in the middle of it, againſt which one is ſure to ſtumble as one paſſes on, and break at leaſt a leg, if it ſo happens that one has told a lie in the courſe of the day." The youth was a little ſtartled at this ſtrange account. "At what a rate you are walking, father! but to return to this dog, how large did I ſay? as your largeſt horſe? Nay, for that matter, I believe it might be ſaying a little too much; for I recollect it was but ſix months old:—but I would be upon my oath that it was as big as a heifer." Here the ſtory reſted, till they were a mile or two advanced on their way. The young man was very far from being comfortable. The fatal bridge appears at a diſtance. "Hear me, my dear father: indeed the dog, of which I have been ſpeaking, was very large, but perhaps not quite ſo large as a heifer; I am ſure, however, it was larger than a calf." At length they arrived at the foot of the bridge. The father paſſes on, without a word. The ſon ſtops ſhort.—"Ah! father", ſays he, "you cannot be ſuch a ſimpleton as to believe that I have ſeen a dog of ſuch a ſize; for ſince I muſt needs ſpeak the truth, the dog I met in my travels was about as big as the dog we ſaw an hour or two ago."

Anſwer, by R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh, to Aſſiduus's Rebus, inſerted July 26.

THE city's ROME, ſo much renown'd,
That in your rebus, Sir, is found.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Paſcal, of Briſtol; Henry Humphreys, and W. Strong, of Exeter; W. England, and Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; John Tremlett, of Newton Abbott; J. Callaway, of Stalbridge; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by W. England, of Dorcheſter, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 2.

JOIN a *rag* to an *end*, and tranſpoſe them aright,
A GARDEN you quickly will then bring to ſight.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Squance, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by J. Sweetman, to T. Taylor's Enigma, inſerted Auguſt 9.

THE PIPE is what is often ſeen,
And plainly is the thing you mean.

††† We have received the like anſwer from J. Paſcal, of Briſtol; Juvenis, and W. England, of Dorcheſter; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; Thomas Whicker, W. Strong, H. Humphreys, and J. Squance, of Exeter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbott; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

A CHARADE, *by H. Humphreys, of Exeter.*

AS late with devious ſteps I ſtray'd
O'er yonder fruitful plain,
Where the bright beam of Sol doth ſhine
My firſt is plainly ſeen.

When on my next the huntſman's found,
O'er fields and meadows ſwift he flies:
Now for my whole, go ſearch the main,
Where often by man's hand it dies.

An ENIGMA, *by C. Mackey, of Plymouth.*

MY body's beauteous, as I'm told,
And great, gents. is my fame;
I'm ſtrong and hardy, dumb and cold,
And can reſiſt a flame.

In courts of juſtice oft I've been,
And ſilenc'd tongues that ſpake;
Then with what pleaſure I've been ſeen,
When I ſtill tongues can make.

I dwell in counties, cities, towns,
And likewiſe on the ſea;
At church I ſeldom take my rounds,
But frequent at the play.

I've neither legs, nor arms, nor voice,
But yet I am the world's great choice.

POETRY.

The RETURN.*

By the Rev. R—— S——.

O Welcome ye ſcenes of delight!
Sweet ſhades, verdant meads, ſilent dales!
How welcome, how dear to my ſight,
Is the mountain that peeps o'er the vales!
The mountain o'er which I have ſtray'd
While Roſaire beguil'd the long way;
From which I have often ſurvey'd
The ſun as it fled with the day.

From which I have oftentimes gaz'd
On my home by the ſide of the rill,
And beheld the white flocks as they graz'd
On the brow of the neighbouring hill.
From which I have lov'd to ſurvey
The beautiful landſcape around.
To hear the birds ſing from the ſpray,
While mountains re-echo'd the ſound.

There oft in each other ſo bleſt
We have linger'd regardleſs of woe,
And the ſun has oft ſunk in the weſt
Ere we thought of returning below.
Little then of the day did we dream,
Which ſoon was to wing the ſad dart;
Preſent bliſs was alone the fond theme
Which fill'd every thought of each heart.

How ſad, how diſtreſſing the day!
When I hung o'er the o'cean's wild roar;
Long waving my hand o'er the ſpray,
While Roſaire ſtood weeping on ſhore.
How ſigh'd my fond heart, how it beat!
How plenteouſly guſh'd the big tear!
When the ſhore from my ſight did retreat;
When no longer my Roſaire was near.

My heart was oppreſs'd, ſadly torn;
I verily thought it would break;
But hope blunts the poiſonous thorn,
And comforts the heart tho' it ach.
Tho' often I murmur'd at fate,
When anguiſh was keenly alive,
Yet in moments of calmer debate,
Still I thought this bleſs'd day would arrive.

O welcome, ye wide-ſpreading trees!
That o'er-ſhadow the peaſant's retreat,
Where pleaſantly blows the cool breeze,
That tempers th' o'erpowering heat.
Ah! there is the pathway that creeps
Thro' the grove, up the lawn, to the mill,
And there is the ſteeple that peeps
O'er the top of the bough-mantled hill.

The trees as they part with the wind,
The cottage of friendſhip diſcloſe,
A retreat in a garden confin'd,
Surrounded with many a roſe.
There Thyrſis with Flora reſides
In happieſt union bleſt,
There love with contentment abides,
And ſhowers delight on each breaſt.

Ah, Thyrſis! no longer ſhalt thou
Uſurp the dominion of joy,
Nor with Flora beneath the wide bough
Alone the bleſt moments employ.
For I, with my blooming Roſaire,
Will join in the reign of delight;
Will the ſhades of tranquillity ſhare,
And in love's beſt enjoyments unite.

My Roſaire as light and ſerene,
On unchangeable pleaſures intent;
Shall viſit the love-luring ſcene,
Which Flora is uſed to frequent.
The ſtream, whoſe ſmooth boſom diſplays
The heart-cheering ſmiles of your fair,
Shall alſo reflect the bright rays
Which break from the eyes of Roſaire.

See yonder! O moment of joy!
My Roſaire, ſweet object! draws near—
Her thoughts heavy ſorrows employ,
Her eyes ſwell with many a tear.
I'll haſte, with a lover's ſwift pace
To the arms of my fair one I'll fly,
To baniſh the cloud from her face,
And wipe the big tear from her eye.

I'll tell her Fidelis once more,
With a heart ever faithful and true,
Is return'd to his dear native ſhore,
Ne'er again to lament an adieu.
I'll ſurpriſe her with fondeſt alarms;
And if ſhe ſhould doubt of the bliſs,
I'll preſs her again in my arms,
And convince her 'tis true with a kiſs.

I have

* For "Abſence," ſee page 219.

I have long, very long, been away,
Far away from the maid of my heart;
But ah! the delight of the day,
Repays me for fortune's long ſmart.
Then grant me, ye powers above!
'Tis a boon I with fervour implore;
O grant me to live with my love,
Enchain'd to my dear native ſhore.

WILL *and* BET, *the Cottagers at Park Place.*

WHEN ſummer's genial days are gone,
And winter puts her livery on,
Of all the ſuns that ever ſet,
Be mine, ye fates, like Will and Bet.

The time has been, tho' now its paſt,
That ſhe in beauty's mould was caſt;
Her eye ſtill beams—a dimple yet
Recalls the envy'd ſmiles of Bet.

The time has been, it is no more!
That Will a wreſtler's figure bore;
Nor yet he's bent with age, and ſtill
There is an air that graces Will.

A loving heart ſurvives in both,
And years have crown'd the nuptial oath;
She to this day is William's *pet*,
As he the idol is of Bet.

A competence of ruſtic fare,
In this delightful cot they ſhare;
Their grateful thanks no boon forget.
Your ſmiles are paid by Will and Bet.

No fame that Conway has atchiev'd
A wreath ſo brilliant has receiv'd,
As when his name can ſpread the net
For pride of heart in Will or Bet.

" Yes, it was here (ſaid Will) he ſat,
" There, Will (ſaid he), lay down my hat;
" Tho' out of place we muſt not fret,
" But laugh and chat with you and Bet.

" In all that bear the ſhape of men
" We ne'er ſhall ſee his like again;
" For him the poor man's tears are wet,
" They lov'd him—juſt like me and Bet.

" Your honour ſees in this old girl,
" A wife that is the huſband's pearl;
" Nor wines nor dainties here you'll get—
" The heart is all in Will and Bet."

It is not age that here declines,
And ploughs the cheek in furrow'd lines;
'Tis peace and conſcience out of debt,
That plays with time—in Will and Bet.

To the EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimſon-colour'd even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the cloſing gates of heav'n
Beloved ſtar doſt thou delay?

So fair thy penſile beauty burns
When ſoft the tear of twilight flows,
So due thy plighted ſtep returns
To chambers brighter than the roſe.

To peace, to pleaſure, and to love,
So kind a ſtar thou ſeem'ſt to be,
Sure ſome enamour'd orb above
Deſcends, and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, bluſhing hour,
When all unheavenly paſſions fly,
Chas'd by the ſoul-ſubduing power
Of love's delicious extacy.

O! ſacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious ſtars, appear,
And early riſe; nor long delay
When Caroline herſelf is here.

Shine on her choſen green reſort,
Whoſe trees the ſunward ſummit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her ſweetly ſcented road,
Thou ſtar of evening's purple dome,
That leads the nightingale abroad,
And guides the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's ſweeter breath
Embalms the ſoft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a ſigh bequeath
To kiſs the cheek of roſy hue.

Where winnow'd by the gentle air
Her ſilken treſſes darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow ſo fair,
Like ſhadows on the mountain ſnow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converſe ſweet to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou ſhalt be my ruling ſtar!

Lines on Prince Henry, Son of James I.

READER, hence! and aſk not me,
Whoſe theſe ſacred aſhes be?
Purpoſely it is conceal'd;
For the precious name reveal'd,
All that read would ſadly ſigh,
Melt themſelves to tears and die.
In this marble baſket lies,
A matchleſs jewel—Heaven's prize;
Which nature, in the world's diſdain,
Juſt ſhew'd, and then put up again.